it, if anything is ever heard by the dead. Octon came near losing his guard when that burst of startling sound broke from the old man's bearded mouth. The edge of the cutlass reached his shoulder lightly, but did not sever the covering afforded by his jacket. As an experiment the young man now tried desperately to disarm Rochon, but the rapier was too light and Rochon's hand too strong for that. The effort gave the old man an advantage in the end which cost Orton a wound, slight, but painful, on the top of his head, while he in turn pricked Ro in the left shoulder so deep that the blood spun forth rather freely. Both man felt that the struggle must soon end, and each felt confident that it would end in his favor. The action became furious, as if to keep time with the grand crackling and bellowing of the fire now leaping in one broad. ed, lapping tongue, slanting far across The men had promptly obeyed ochon's loud order, and the masts of the little schooner were moving slowly through the rolling current of smoke to a safe dis-tance from the fire. The creaking of ropes and the clacking of rowlocks were blended with shouts and cries. All the smaller sounds of the night were swallowed up in the tempest-like throb of the flame. The two wary and straining combatants felt the intense heat of the melting house, and this, with the exkausting muscular and nervous effort, caused the perspiration to lean from every pore of their bodies. Breathing became husky and rapid, a hourse panting that told of rapidly ebbing strength. Round and round they fought, giving and receiving wounds, bleeding freely, glaring at each other, clink, clank, whack! back and torth, lunging thrusting, feinting, slashing, each trying to keep the dazzling fire behind him, each thinking that surely the other must soon be exhausted; cut, parry, thrust, parry, prime, quarte, high, low, the blades notched and clanging, the wrists aching, the throats dry rehed, the white foam spraying from lips and beard, and the broad chests palpitating; on they fought, keeping their strength by sheer, desperate will-force, each thinking only of killing the other. Orton had another thought-the Lilly of ochon. He could not (if he had tried) have forced the vision from his inner sight, He saw her, sweet and tall, like a lity, in-deed, pass back and forth before his eyes, smiling and calm, and all unconscious of the awful stress of his situation. Neither combatant as yet had received any serious wound, though very narrow had

been the margin of life at many a point in the fight; but Rochon began to realize the ssibility of failing before the wonderful vim and tenacity of his younger and suppler antagenist. Something told Orton what was going on in the old man's mind, and, gathering all his reserve of strength, he made a mighty spurt, pressing desperately upon him, forcing him back rapidly toward the pale of the garden. He, too, called up his last resource of energy and returned th dash with interest, driving Orton for a moment and almost breaking him down by the weight of his attack. The reaction weakened both men greatly. They stag-gered clumsily here and there, but kept their goards with wonderful persiste fencing feebly but accurately, and still maneuvering for the best light, while slowly the fast-burning house settled down into a heap of glowing and melting brands Most of Rochon's men had returned (save those who never would return) and were busy with looking after their dead and wounded comrades, whom they bore to the boats. The moon asserted itself a little as the fire grew dull and red. Somewhere in the distant hollows of the woods a great owl hooted dolefully. Still with faltering weakness the fight went on between the two staggering, tottering, almost exhausted Now and again one or the other tried to rally and spurt, but it was only to stare little more malignantly and to lunge or thrust all the more impatiently. Their blades clinked with a thin weak sound, irregularly and with desultory rasping and The white clots of foam chins and lips were streaked with blood. their hats were gone, their hair matted their clothes torn and cut to shreds. And yet out of their startling and vigi-lant eyes flashed the indomitable will of the born fighter, the spirit of the un-conquerable animal man. Yet even in this desperate extremity Orton was thinking of Felicie Rochon; scarcely thinking either, but simply and sweetly conscious of her and of the precious tenderness she had engendered in his life. Down sonk the hornig brands into coals and embers, the work of but a few minutes indeed, so rapidly had the dry resinous pine of the house melted in the heat and up sailed the white moon ing itself from the shifting wisps of log and pouring down upon the landscape strange, silvery brilliance that shimmered on water and marsh and flushed on the folinge of the dusky magnolius

Rochon swung his cutlas feebly and made a dogged slash at Orton, who parried it with spiritless weakness. Their blades were high and the two men stumbled to gether, struggled clumsily and fell, Orton pelow. Rochon above. The mere weight of sall their weapons had dropped from their nerveless hands. Struggling was over with both men, neither had strength to do more than lie there and pant chokingly. siderable blood had been lost by each and the red tide was still trickling from a number of ugly but not necessarily dangerous wounds. Probably Rochon was less burt than Orton, and it is quite possible that, despite his years, he was even less affected by the tremendous strain of the encounter Moreover, the old man had been used to dangerous and even deadly combat, and so was more apt to keep well in mind his purpose to kill and the will power to bear it ont. He fumbled numbly for the sheath knite in his belt, and had barely strength draw and lift it, but he tried in vain to send its point into Orton's throat. The weapon sank into the soft sand beside his neck. "I am at your mercy," gasped the young man, "kill me if you like, but-but-" He

beyond the slough.

had to gather breath before he could go on. Send word to my father, General Horace Orton, at New York." 'What did you say?" growled Rochon, trying to recover the knife for another blow. at do you want, eh?"

"Let my father, General Horace Orton, know of my death," Orton repeated with Rochon had worked his left hand down

upon the young man's throat and was try-ing to choke him; but when he heard the name of General Horace Orton, he slack-ened his grasp, if grasp it might be called, just as his fee fainted from exhaustion and loss of blood. Rechon thought him dead, and slipping from his body sat there grimly the pale, motionless face upturned in the moonlight.

As in dreams we live through a long eries of dramatic experiences in a second of time, so old Rochon, during the moment that he glared into the young man's countenance, with the phrase: "General Horace Orton" ringing in his ears, lived over again a strange adventure of his youth, in which one Horace Orton, of New York, had been a chief actor. He had not seen the man since then; but here was his exact likeness in the still form before him—the same stalwart frame, the same swart face, the same long curling yellow hair. He owed his life and more to Horace Orton, and here lay Horace Orton's son stark and lifeless by his act! Not much conscience had grizzled old Gaspard Rochon, no wells of sentiment hubbled in his iron breast, but some remote sense of that honor, which is said sometimes to actuate thieves, stirred his callous heart. He roughly wiped the foam and blood from the young man's tace and then staggering to his feet called huskily but loudly for help. His lion strength was returning rapidly, and with it his will power and executive energy. He shook himself, much as a great wild beast might have done after a victorious struggle with a dangerous prey, and looked about him, grimly surveying the ruin he had made of Garcin's possessions. The moon was now well up the eastern sky and was shining with great power. Five or six men with their weapons , ready came run-ming up to where Rochon was standing. "Take this dead man to the schooner," he

tow the schooner down the bayou out of commanded gruffly, "and see that you treat They promptly took held of Orton and lifted him in their arms. He was very

heavy.

"Be careful there," growled the old man
with a rolling oath, "carry gently every
one of you, and be careful, do you hear?."

The last stragglers came in from pursuing heavy. Garcin and his men, the dead and wounded were cared for, the boats were manued, all was ready, and the triumphant little flotilla

was ready, and the triumphant little flotilla slowly made its way down the bayou.

Orton lay, all unconscious, on a bed of sailcloth in the open air on the deck of the schooner, and old Rochon, with his hands locked behind him, stood by, gazing at the young man's face. Some wounded men were groaning and cursing, others smaked their pipes stolidly while their hurts were being rudely dressed, and yet others were singing ribald songs and making ghastly jokes apropos of the victory just won. Indeed, it would be hard to imagine a more striking and savage seene than the slowstriking and savage scene than the slow moving fleet presented as it wound its way

down to the open water of the bay.

Once in generous sea room the little schooner flung out her white wings in the moonlight, and, gathering in the light breeze, drew away from the rowboats and was soon at anchor off Magnelia Point, with Rochon place in full view.

CHAPTER VI.

A PRISONER OF ROCHON. It will be well for the reader, who would like to realize in the best degree the events sketched in the foregoing chapters, to re-member that it is not of to-day that we are writing; for although the woods are still wild and of luxuriant growth around Bay St. Louis, and although comparatively dight changes have come over the physical features of the dreamy landscapes there-about, there has been a great betterment, of course, even among the most degraded more hospitable or a more lovable people than those of the Bay St. Louis region, America. It is but a lapse of 75 or 80 years since old Rochin was king of the Bay Coast. Now the beautiful bluffs overlooking the gray-green water are the sites of ample and luxurious cottages, the summer homes of rich people from New Orleans, or the winter res-idences of Northern folk who come from Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati to avoid the bitter weather of those cold cities, and to enjoy the balmy Carribean breezes and the never-ending procession of flowers. The whole gulf coast, from Mobile to the Rigo-lets, is indeed another Riviera, so far as ous winds from the far-reaching pine woods, high, dry, salubrious, a very Eden for the tired and the sick in winter, and a luxurious bathing place and resting place for city-weary people in summer. A broad, beauti-ful road, paved with shells as white as snow, runs for a dozen miles along the airy bluffs between broad-armed oaks and edars on one hand and hedges of oleander and Cherokee roses on the other. Eastward some ten miles distant you see Ship Island, famous in the military history of the coast, while far southward lies the curious cres-cent of the Chandeleurs. It is all very weet and quiet and peaceful now; but at the time we write it was as wild a nook as might be found in that wildest part of our

Orton opened his eyes, as if from a heavy,

bewildering sleep, and, looking languidly around, saw some curious old pictures on the walls of the room in the middle of which. on a bed whose heavy mahogany posts were hung with filmy curtains, he lay weak and helpless. It was night, and two or three myrtle wax candles filled the air with a peculiar, keen, fine fragrance and with a soft flickering, yellowish light. Near the bed a negro boy was dozing in a chair. A bit of almost purple sky, studded with flaring stars, was visible through a broad, many-mullioned window. The deep booming swish of the bay was blended with the rustle of long Spanish moss and satin-like magnolia leaves. A mockingbird in a tree beside another window was lazily piping a dreamy nocturne. Orton was aware that his head was bound up and his limbs and body handered. He was stiff and sure best to the contract of bandaged. He was stiff and numb, with a ttion in his breas not think clearly; the mere effort exhausted him and he slept. The last thing his closing eyes saw, was a small shapely glove lying on a table beside a phial and a spoon. From some opening a barely perceptible current of cool and soothing air was creeping over him. In the corner of the room a tall old clock was ticking with loud measured strokes. When he again opened his eyes it was mid-morning of a fine clear day with a good sailing breeze pouring around the house and rattling the windows, and the first object that met his eyes was the supple, symmetrical form of Felicie Rochon standing near his bed. Her back was turned to m and she was arranging a large vase of flowers on the table, her small taper hands moving gracefully and flashing the dia-monds and rubies of some exquisite rings. She were a simple pale morning dress (of some costly material couched with dull red here and there. Her abundant vellowish brown bair was fluffy with half ringlets in front and done into large knot low upon her neck behind where shone a tall jeweled comb of gold. He could see the merest sketch of her side face with its delicate complexion and soft curves, just the hint of a nearly perfect Greek profile, with a forehead a trifle high and a chin possibly a little too heavy, but

country.

beautiful and magnetically tender and sweet in every line. Orton felt no pain now; a sense of extreme weakness and lassitude, however, forbade any effort to move or speak. He lay quite still, content to gaze with half open eyes upon the fair vision before him; nor did he speculate upon the chances that had brought him here. That he was in a room of the Rochon mansion he could have no doubt. Slowly enough recollection of the dreadful combat at Garcin's came into his mind, and then he realized that he was old Rochon's captive. His first thought was of his sketches and the portrait of Lalie Garcin, then he remembered how he had carried them out into the garden before the fire While this was flitting through his began. brain he was watching Mile. Rochon arrange the flowers. Presently by a considerable effort he said, in a half whisper:

"Mademoiselle Rochon." She turned quickly and looked at him with a bright, startled, inquiring smile on her face. She did not appear so tall when she stood thus, and indeed she really was but little above medium height, though there was a certain lofty stateliness in her

She placed her finger on her lip to signify that he must not speak, and shook her head for the same purpose. Coming promptly to his bedside she bent her head low and

"Monsieur, you must not say one word; you must be yery quiet, very." A slight glow of color crept over her cheek as she spoke. "You have been extremely ill, spoke. "You have been extremely ill, Monsieur," she went on very gently and sweetly, "and the least effort will be bad for you."

Her presence and her voice were soothing to the feeble and emaciated man. He beyed her implicitly. "Shut your eyes now and go to sleep," she said, after letting fail through his lips a few drops of some cordial, "all that you need is rest." It was the voice of tender, solicitous authority, so often heard at the bedside of a sick child. She drew the light covering of the bed close up to his chin, then turned and walked noiselessly out of the room, leaving in his mind an impression

never felt by any but the young and the imaginative, and by them only when love sets its charm in the soul.

He closed his eyes, as she told him, and fell into a deep, sweet sleep. [Continued Next Sunday]

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I CAUGHT her bands: "Now listen, Nannie. Why is it, dear, you sweeter grow?

She said and laughed, "It's Frangipanni,
Which comes from Atkinson, you know."

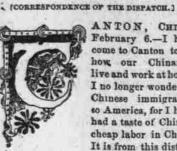
CHINA'S CHEAP LABOR Wages, Hours and Work of Celestials

FARM HANDS AT \$12 A YEAR, And Women Plenty, at Two Cents a Day, Willing to Do Men's Work.

in the Flowery Kingdom.

HOW THE CHINESE LABORER LIVES.

Various Other Matters Pertaining to Capital and Labor in China.



ANTON, CHINA, February 6.- I have come to Canton to see how our Chinamen live and work at home. I no longer wonder at Chinese immigration so America, for I have had a taste of Chinese cheap labor in China. It is from this district

that the bulk of our immigration comes, and there are coolies here and to spare. This province is one of the most thickly settled of the provinces of the Chinese empire. It not quite as big as Kansas, but it contains one-third as many people as the whole United States. Canton itself is bigger than New York City, and a 12-mile radius from the population. In fast nowhere in the of 3,000,000. There are villages outside as big as Washington or Cleveland, and many of the small towns of the once the home of buccaneers, pirates, smug-glers and wreckers. We move rapidly in province have been living for years upon contributions from American Chinese laundries. How the people swarm. Almondeyed, yellow-faced men, women and children tramp upon one another's heels, and the thousand streets of this city are more crowded than Broadway in front of Trinity Church at the busiest hour of the day. Every one is working, from the half-naked, bare-legged man who, with a hat as big as a parasol, carries great loads upon his shoulders, to the woman in pantaloons and short skirt, who sculls the boat on the river, and climate is concerned, a region basking in to the keen-eyed merchant who, in round the most grateful sunshine and perfumes, black cap and gorgeous silks, stands surblown over by salt gulf winds, and by resinrounded by his shelves of fine goods. Every branch of business goes on and Canton is on of the great manufacturing cities of the

world. With the rudest of tools these longfingered celestials turn out the finest of carving in wood and ivory and with the weaving machines of 1,000 years ago they make dresses for modern Europe. I saw a Canton lumber mill this afternoon. Two men sawed logs into boards with cross-cut saws. They were naked save a breech clout and they moved up and down all day for 10 cents a piece. Wages here and all over China are at the lowest ebb, and this great human bee hive containing from one-fourth to one-third of all the people in the world goes on with its labor as quietly as though America did not exist

Wonderful Workers.

What wonderful workers they are and how the tur and pull and boil their keen brains from morning until night all over the Empire. From Peking to Canton I have found the streets of every city and village filled with a pushing, hurrying throng. I have seen half-naked men sweating in carrying loads that would be heavy for a cart-horse, and delicate women doing the work of drays. Human muscle, does even more China than in Japan, and the donkey and the mule are replaced by man. Hong Kong is located at the base of a mountain, away up the sides of which the wealthier residents have summer homes. The angle of the incline is one of nearly 45 these houses are carried miles up by the

Women in Hong Kong carry two great baskets of stone fastened to poles which they swing over their shoulders, and of the 30,000 people who make up the boat population of the Hong Kong Bay, the chief workers are women. They row boats with babies on their backs, and I see them standing and sculling with their little ones tied to their

shoulders. Something of the Wages Paid. The cities are beehives of work. The streets are made up of cells open at the front and full of manufacturers and traders. Everything is done by hand, and the working hours are from daylight until dark. I have made inquiries into wages, and I find them so low that they would hardly pay for the tobacco and coffee of our American laborers. Coolies employed in foreign families get as low as \$3.50 a month and

board themselves. Skilled cooks receive \$4 a month, and at Foo Choo, one of the wealthiest Chinamen of the city told me that the wages of masons were 18 cents a day, and the best carpenters received but 20 cents. Women engaged in which was a state of the cents which we wanted the working of the cents. in making grass cloth, a sort of linen, are paid from 2 to 3 cents a day, and an old missionary tells me he can get ten men to work a whole day for \$1 and leave 10 per cent to the man who hires them for him, Here in Canton the chief means of conveyance is by chair. The chairs are made of wicker and covered with cloth so that they look like a box. This box is swung in the center between two long poles resting on his shoulders and another walks behind holding up the chair in the same wav. The regular native wages for such men is \$4 a month and less, and in the inerior the prices are still lower. Ordinary field hands get from 3 to 4 cents a day with food, and skilled workmen receive from 5 to

6 cents. in the cities come down to 10 cents a visit in the country, and engravers and painters receive from 10 to 12 cents a day. Theater actors are paid proportionately low rates, actors are paid proportionately low rates, and there are no \$5,000 a night Pattis or Henry Irvings in China. The theaters, you know, last all day and half the night, and a troupe of 30 players will play for 48 hours for \$30. Silk weavers and silk reelers are among the highest paid men, and their work can only be done when the cocoons are ready for reeling. During this time the men work for weeks day and night, and they receive from \$1 to \$2 a day. The grand average of skilled labor runs, however. about as follows: Master workmen receive \$3 a week or \$156 a year, and workmen under these \$1 50 a week or \$78 a year. Youngsters and females get 50 cents a week, and these are considered good living wages. For them the laborer does not growl as to the hours of work, and the labor unions of China regulate the hours only in the case of nen working by the piece and not by the

day. Labor Most Thoroughly Organized. There is no country in the world where abor is so organized as in China, and every branch of employment has its trade organination or guild. There are 1,700 men who run passenger wheel-barrows in Shanghai and the guild that these belong to regulates the rate of fare and the hours of work. Weavers have a guild, the barbers have their trades unions, and even the beggars have their associations presided over by a president who assigns to each his beat and who can punish with his bamboo such as rewho can plants with his bamboo such as re-fuse to obey him. These guilds are very strong and their demands are respected by the Government. The barbers were for a long time prohibited from the literary ex-aminations, which are the only passports to office, on the ground of their being engaged in a menial occupation. They combined to-

the Government had to come to terms.

One of the great luxuries in which the Chinaman delights is the having the back of his shoulders and neek kneaded after his head is shaved. The barbers concluded that this was below their dignity and their union forbade it. They also prohibited barbers from ear cleaning during the last six days of the year, as at this time there is so much of the year, as at this time there is so much head shaving to do, preparation for the New Year, that there is no time for dirty

The Most Barbers in the World.

China has, perhaps, more barbers than any other country in the world, and the Chinese head needs more attention than any other head on the globe. The Chinese dude has his head shaved daily and the man is very poor who cannot afford his weekly shave. A place is left at the crown about as big around as a tincup and the hair which grows on this forms the cue. The Chinaman has his face shaved even to the forehead and about the eyes, and you find the barbers on the streets, in shops, in the country and in fact everywhere. Itinerant barbers carry two small red stools made of boxes in the shape of a pyramid in which they have drawers containing their razors and basins. They shave without soap and they use a two-pronged piece of iron with which they make a noise like that of a mammoth tuning fork as the sign of their trade. You hear this noise everywhere throughout China, and one of the commonest sights of the streets and country roads is one of these barbers at work upon a patient.

The Chinese razor is in the shape of an sosceles triangle. It is made of rude steel and many of them are pounded up from wornout horseshoes which are imported from Europe by the thousands of barrels, and which are used in making all kinds of Chinese implements. The rates of shaving are very low, ranging from a few tenths of a cent to 10 cents and more, according to the class to which the barber belongs and to the standing of the customer. The barbers' unions fix the rate of shaving for their members and they have fines and penaltics.

Apprenticeship Laws

These labor unions regulate the laws as to apprenticeship. They fix the number of apprentices that one master may have, and the silk weavers' union forbids the teaching or employment of women. Apprentices receive no wages. They work from three to five years and get only food and lodging. No man can employ an apprentice who has not served out his full time, and some trades provide that only the sons and relatives of the workmen may be taught them. The usual penalty for acting contrary to the rules of the guild is for the guilty member to pay a fine to the guild, or to furnish a supper or a theatrical performance. These are, however, for minor faults only. In serious cases there is no punishment too severe, and an employer who violated one of the rules in regard to apprenticeships was not long ago bitten to death in Soo Chow, a city not far from Shanghai. This employer was a gold-beater, and there was a great de mand for gold-leaf for the Emperor. This man took more apprentices than the rules of the union prescribed, and in seeking a pup ishment for him the workmen concluded

killing it would not be possible to punish them all, and biting in China is not a capital offence. There were 123 men in this guild, and these rushed at the employer, each taking a bite. One man, the leader of the affair stood over the rest, and in order that all might be implicated, no one was allowed to quit the place without his gums and lips were bloody. The murderer who took the first bite was discovered and beheaded, but the others went free. Colonel Denby has sent a report of this affair to the State De

partment at Washington.

that death was a necessity. They thought that if a number of them engaged in the

The Chinese trades unions are against the introduction of machinery. A sewing machine for the making of Chinese shoes was destroyed at Canton not long ago, and a strike was caused there by the importation of sheet brass for the making of cooking utensils, as this would injure the business of the brass hammerers. As a rule, howe organ zations of both employers and laborers are such that it pays to settle matters by arbi-

tration.
The officials of the cities are, as a rule, or the side of the workmen in cases of trouble, as the employers are the capitalists, and by having a cause against them they are able to squeeze money out of them for the settle-ment. For this reason the employers wish to have as few labor troubles as possible.

The Employers' Unions. Speaking of employers' unions, all classes of Chinese business men have their guilds, and these are almost as old as the country, One of the finest clubhouses of China is that of the Canton merchants of Foo Chow. It is made up of a great number of finely finished rooms elegantly furnished in Chinese fashion and located in the best part of the city. Here the merchants come to drink tes and chat. They have a temple and a theater connected with it, and the club consists of 500 members. I visited at Shanghai some of the finest specimens of Chinese architecture I have seen. They were guild halls belong-ing to tea and rice merchants, and they had wonderful gardens of caves and rocks built up in the busiest part of the city. These guilds regulate the commerce of China. They fix the rate of interest, the time on which goods may be sold, the weights and the standards of goods. A member using different scales than the one prescribed is fined, and a man acting contrary to the guild can, in many instances, not go on with his business. One of the druggists' guilds has just adopted some new rules which lie befo prescribe that accounts shall be settled three times every year, and that a discount of 5 per cent may be allowed on cash transactions. No member in the guild shall be permitted to trade with the others while he is in debt to a member of the guild, and any member who violates these laws shall pay for two theater plays for the guild and for drinks and a feast for 20 members.

Some of these guilds prescribe that prom-isory notes shall be dated on the day of sale and all of them fix the rules of giving credit. The bankers guild fix all matters relating to interest, and these different organizations make the dealings of foreigners with the Chinese more safe than such dealings would be in other countries. The Chinaman respects his contract and if he does not his wild makes him. guild makes him.

As to the hours of work in China carpen-

ers work 11 hours in summer and nine in winter, and masons work half an hour onger. There is no Sunday here and your Chinaman works week in and week out. At the last of the year he gets about ten days off, and altogether he has less than a score of holidays. On the Chinese farm every one of the family works, and children of six and seven have their daily labors. Farm laborers get from 10 to 15 cents a day and meals, or from 75 cents to \$1 05 a week. By the month they are paid from \$1 50 to \$2 00 and board, and \$12 a year and board and lodging is big pay, If a Chinese farm hand, working from daylight to dark the year through, can save \$3, he does well. And as it costs him only about \$4 a year for his clothing, he is sometimes able to do this. At the end of perhaps 20 years he has saved enough to buy himself a farm, and the average Chinese farm in many of the provinces is not more than two acres. In some cases the holdings are as low as a sixth of an acre, and tenant farmers cent out a number of these tracts for half the crops.

The stock of a small Chinese farmer consists of a couple of pigs, a few fewls and a water buffalo, a sort of a cow which is used here for ploughing and working. A man and wife and two children can live well off two acres. Their diet is rich, vegetables and tea, and at festive times they have a bit

of pork, a fowl or some eggs. How the City Laborer Lives. The living of the laborer in the cities is

gether in different parts of the empire and even worse than this, and the mud hut of the farmer is better than the home of a city workman. The average laborer of the city has three meals a day, and these consist of salt fish, vegetables and rice. He eats meat only three or four times a year, and the house in which he lives rents from \$2 a year and upward. Many families own their own houses which have grown through genera-tions and which include the whole clan within their walls. Some such houses have from 15 to 20 little rooms and 100 occupants is not uncommon. A Chinese house with three rooms has a kitchen, dining room and bedroom. Its furniture consists of a rude table, benches without backs, a kang or ledge covered with matting upon which the people sleep and beneath which a fire burns, and a range of brick with an opening for cooking.

cooking.

In the southern provinces beds of boards are used instead of kangs. A piece of matting is thrown over this and the sleepers lie with wadded comforters wrapped around them. Such accommodations make them fairly happy, and there are millions in China who are satisfied with them. Poverty of the Boat People.

As an instance of the poverty of the boat people of China, in coming from Hong Kong to Canton we anchored in the midstof a city of boats. It is estimated that onethird of a million people are born, live and die upon the waters of the river at Canton. They live from what they can earn and pick up upon the river, and they carry on a reg-ular business, employing their assistants. ular business, employing their assistants. The average wages of boatmen are from \$10 to \$12 a year and food, and during our voyage two rats which were killed on the ship were thrown out to one of these boat fami

They were erabbed at with avidity and the thanks our captain received were un-bounded. Long before you have read this letter they will have done their part in making muscle for the boatman who ate them, and dog and cat meat are among the other foods which sustain the lives of these

. The Rudest Machinery.

I have pursued my studies of labor in Canton largely in company with Consul Seymour, and I went vesterday to see the flouring mills which here compete with our Minneapolis millers. They consisted of a series of mill stones, one lying above another and two constituting a mill; the motive power was a water buffalo, the ugliest species of cow that God ever made and the driver was a half-naked coolie. A dozen of these buffaloes and coolies and two dozen stones made up the big establishment we visited, and it is in this way that a greater part of Canton's flour is ground. The rudest of machinery only, is permitted in China. The people will not allow steamboats to go on the rivers in the interior except in those places laid down in the treaties and the small cargo boats which do the trade of the canals have paddle wheels which are turned by gangs of men, and the other boats are noved by oars and sails.

Anyone in traveling through China can perceive the ignorance of the people as to labor-saving appliances, and the learned Doctor Macgowan, who has lived in China or nearly half a century and to whom I am indebted for many of the figures and facts of this letter, tells me that a free press would do more than anything else to bring the country to an acceptance of the best things in our western civilization.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

HONEST THIEVES.

How Four Unemployed Workingmen Forced a Loan From a Spanish Landlord. anish Letter in Philadelphia Telegraph. I

An anecdote is related by the Opinion, of Tarragona, which gives quite another picture of the unemployed agitation. At Liria, a little town in the neighborhood of Valencia, four workmen, who were really in great difficulties, called upon a rich landed proprietor and begged him to lend them each the sum of \$1, so that they might obtain a little bread for their children for at least a few days. The landlord, how-ever, lost his temper, received the men bad-ly, and exclaimed, "If you have not enough to eat, why do you not help your-selves?" At this cynical suggestion the men, with downcast looks, retired.

The night brought counsel; and, after du consultation, they returned to the landlord on the morrow and again asked for the loan of a dollar. They were received in the same manner and with the same answer. But this time the men did not retire in sorrow and confusion. They told the rich pro-prietor that, under the circumstances, they were now prepared to follow his advice, and would help themselves; then, drawing the weapons they had concealed under their clothes, they summoned him to deliver over the keys of his cash-box. In this manner they relieved him of \$50 in cash and triumphantly marched away. But the four workmen were no thieves. They had never robbed before; they did not desire to rob on this occasion. They only wished to feed their children and give the landlord a lesson for meiting them to "help themselves."
Consequently all four men went off at once to the parish priest, explained to him all that had happened, and gave him \$46 to be returned to the landlord, with the explana-

tion that they had kept \$4 for themselves as a loan. Further, they each gave in a re-ceipt acknowledging the compulsory loan which they had thus obtained. The landlord, no one who knows Spanish ustoms will be surprised to hear, thought he had got over the difficulty easily. The loss of but \$4 instead of \$50 was a pleasant surprise; and there is some chance that he will be paid back even these \$4. Therefore, nothing has been said to the police about the matter. The four workmen are free and in the full enjoyment of their \$4. Public opinion is on their side, They only did what the landlord himself suggested starving men should do. The laugh is against the landlord, so he has wisely resolved to suffer in silence. All these facts point, however, to a great want of organization, to the necessity of labor bureaus or some such in-stitutions to regulate the distribution of labor, and prevent congestion in one district while there is work neglected in other quar-

A Queer Question. New York Sun.]

"Which of the great characters of old would you like to marry?" This is the question that was brought under debate the other night in the Blank Society, and half a dozen members of both sexes indicated their choice, and the reason for it. One bold man of mature years and marital ex-perience selected Xantippe as the woman of his preference; another selected Cleopatra, and a third the Queen of Shebs. Of the and a third the squeen of Samson, three ladies, one made the choice of Samson, there of Hercules, and a third Job. The another of Hercules, and a third Job. The question will be further debated, and every member of both sexes belonging to the so-ciety is to be required to make a choice of a life partner from the great characters in history.

On the Reservation.

Little Pimbroke (to Miss Sayre)—"See what a fine-looking squaw that is. I wonder if she speaks English?"

Laughing Two-Eyes—"White woman put her papoose on this board. Make him's legs straight."—Judge,

AMERICAN PRUDERY.

False Ideas of Over-Propriety are

INDEPENDENCE OF OUR GIRLS.

Undermining the Frank

The Hue and Cry is Robbing Them of Their Greatest Charm.

THEIR UNCONSCIOUSNESS OF WRONG

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]



HAT is or is no proper is becoming a tremendous question among American women. The lines of social etiquette in America are far more distinct than those of any other country, and hence the perpetual and neverending discussion of

what a lady may or may not do, and still be considered above reproach. It is a pity that the old-time habits of American women are becoming hampered and prejudiced by soeial customs.

The day when an American woman did exactly what she chose has gone by. Nobody thought the worse of her for her freedom and courage. On the contrary, a charm was added to her long list of attractions by this very trait of her character. That the day has gone by when she can do what she pleases was well illustrated last week by a party of Vassar girls who came to the city and went to a matinee. The only thing that the newspapers disagree upon concerned the number of the young women

who visited the theater. A great conflict is raging between the colege authorities and the theatrical managers. The number of girls who attended the matinee is placed at various figures from 2 to 82. What surprises me most is that anybody should care a rap one way or the other. Suppose a lot of college girls did come to New York and attend a firstclass theater. The light opera which was presented was of a thoroughly inoffensive nature, the music pretty and dashing, and there was absolutely nothing to which any sensible man could object in the whole performance. Since when has it become a crime for girls to attend a matinee? It reminds me of the war of words which en-sued after the hansoms were introduced in

DRAWING THE LINE.

For at least a year a very large and con stantly growing class of people have been writing to the papers persistently saying that it was a disgraceful thing for any woman to appear in public in a hansom.

There was no particular reason for it, of course, as the hansom is a comfortable, roomy and pleasant vehicle, and a thousand times more pleasant than a stuffy cab, and at this time no one sees any harm in them. Indeed, the best and most careful women here, as elsewhere in the world, rather fancy the two-wheeled vehicle, and yet if anybody were to turn to the files of the newspapers about two years ago he would find the most hot-headed and violent criticisms against the use of those hansoms.

Another phase of the matter may be seen

another phase of the matter may be seen in the time at present about the inaugural ball and the subject of wearing low dresses thereat. The women of to-day do not dress half so low as their grandmothers did, and more important than that, the young girls of to-day do not dress low at all. The popular theory in New York City is that young girls go to balls and dinner parties with dresses that display a lavish expanse of bust, back and arms. It is true that young matrons and married women wear lbw dresses here, just as they do in every great city in the world; but the young girls and debutantes always have the neck of their

bodices filled in with lace. This perpetual harping on what is sup-posed to be indelicate in the attire of women is a particularly unpleasant phase of criticism in my mind. I do not know whether I am particularly obtuse or thoroughly hardened in such matters, but I must admi that I have not been able to see the evil which men and women so constantly com plain of in the attire of American girls.

BATHING ALL RIGHT. I have been on all the beaches from Maine to Cape May and seen a great many thousands of women in bathing costumes. I have read glowing accounts from various correspondents of the awful suggestiveness of the costumes of the young girls at Long Branch, Narragansett and Atlantic City and I have seen some of the bathing suits that were so vividly described. I believe it all to be a lot of arrant humbug. there anything more suggestive in a wellfitting bathing suit than in a big and voluminous one? After a woman has once ntered the water the outlines of her figure are revealed whether her jacket is an exact It or made ten times too big for her. I cannot see the awful indecency of the thing

American girls, as a rule, are lithe, supple and graceful to the last degree. Their actions in the water and on the beaches are those of happy and unconscious girlhood. It seems to me it is a wilful effort of a perverted imagination to ascribe to them such nasty motives and to cry out for ever against the indecency of their attire.

In the detail of the neck, for instance, I have never yet seen a bathing suit on a woman in America which was cut down like a ball dress, though descriptions of such have been numerous. The necks are always high and the skirt is usually ample enough to cover all the needs of propriety It is this sort of criticism which will event-ually rob our girls of their greatest charm, and that is their unconsciousness of wrong. It must be said in a general way that an

American girl can go anywhere and do anything with perfect indifference to the misconstruction of carping criticism. A few nights ago I had an apt illustration of the thorough confidence which American girls exhibit in their ability to take care of themselves. I was returning home quite late from the opera when I discovered a light in a window of a big bachelors' apartment house on Broadway. A man lived there to whom I wished to say good-bye before leaving for Europe, and I ran up to see him. When he was 21 years of age he came into a fortune of nearly a half million

CONVENIENT RELATIVES.

It took him nearly six years to spend it all. He worked industriously and indefatigably. Not a penny of it was turned to any particular good. After he lost his money relatives died at convenient inter-vals and kept him more or less supplied with funds. He is the sort of a man whom women describe as dangerous. I don't know whether he has much conscience or not, but I do know that he has many charm-ing qualities, and that his friendship is worth having, and he is the most amiable

and amusing correspondent that I ever had.

The elevator boy at the house knew me, and I went direct to his apartments. Before I had reached the door I heard a tremendous yelling within and I had to knock three times to be heard. Then the rounder's voice in a stentorian tone bade me come in and I walked into his bachelor rooms to and I walked into his bachelor rooms to find him walking up and down excitedly and dictating like mad to a "atenographer. He wore a smoking cap over one eye, puffed a cigar and gesticulated with tremendous force as he reeled off what was apparently a love scene in the most dramatic fashion. He gripped my hand, pushed me into a chair, showed a hox of circum and some into a chair, shoved a box of eigars and some matches to ward me and waved a finger at me excited

ward me and waved a finger at me excitedly. The pantomime meant that I should keep still for a minute until he got through with his sudden burst of inspiration.

All about were evidences of luxury and wealth. There were magnificent bronzes and brio-a-brac and a vista of the rooms showed that the bachelor was well and comfortably housed. Then I looked at the stenographer

and suddenly realized that it was nearly 1 o'clock in the morning. She was a girl about 19 years, with big blue eyes, perfectly clear skip and a beautiful figure clad in a tailor-made dress. She was writing at s rate that would have startled the stenographer of the United States Senate, Her brows were knit in a scoul that was half excited.

were knit in a scowl that was half excite-ment and half auxiety, and her pen fairly flew over the paper.

A GOOD EVENING'S WORK. Her pretty fingers were stained with ink and whenever my friend stopped in his excited delivery and asked her to read back a few lines so as to get him on the right track again she read the notes in precisely the same style as he had delivered them. It was wonderfully tunny to hear her uncon-scious imitation of his dramatic tones and robust inflections. It is not at all unlikely that he would have gone on dictating all night if she had not stopped to remark that she was all tired out. Then he suddenly recognized her existence, rang for the jani-tor, the girl put on her wraps, bade us both good night with a charmingly frank smile and departed for home under the old jani-

tor's escort.
She remarked before leaving that it had been a good night's work as they had die-tated nearly 10,000 words since dinner. Here was a girl earning her living in a thoroughly honest and honorable manner and taking risks which would appal a woman in any other country than America. Yet she was utterly unconscious of any dan-ger whatever. Neither she nor the man who was employing her had any other idea than an honest one about their work, and

hence she wrote away in his apartments whenever he needed her services, without any undue alarm. The girl was so pretty that she would not have dared to walk alone in the streets of any European capital after 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Yet here she could do anything because she was an American. That typi-fied the old-time spirit of the young women of this country, and it is a crying shame that the prudery and affectation of some of the alleged society women who have been on the other side and absorbed foreign notions are driving out the feeling of independence and security which was formerly the most

valuable heritage of an American girl. BLAKELY HALL.

A Young Englishman's Narrow Escape From Being Gored to Death.

TOSSED BY AN ELEPHANT.

The Youth's Companion. 1 When an elephant goes mad he makes things lively. A company of Englishmen were out on a tiger-shooting expedition, and all at once were startled by a shout from one of their servants: "Run, run, Sahibs! the tusker has gone mad. He has broken loose." Most of the company got out of the beast's way, but one fellow was still in the

Over the river we could see the brute in a frenzy of rage, kneeling on the shapeless heap of cloth, furniture, poles and ropes and digging his tusks with savage fury into

the hangings and canvas.

We had little doubt that poor Mack lay crushed to death, smothered beneath the weight of the ponderous animal, or mangled out of all fikeness to humanity by the terrible tusks that we could see flashing in the moonlight. It seemed an age, this agony of Everything showed as clear as if it had

been day. We saw the elephant tossing the strong canvas canopy about as a dog would worry a doormat. Thrust after thrust was made by the tusks into the folds of cloth. Raising his huge trunk, the brute would scream in the frenzy of his wrath, and at last, after what seemed an age, but in reali-ty was only a few minutes, he staggered to his teet and rushed into the jungle.

Just then a smothered groan struck like a

peal of joybells on our anxious ears, and a muffled voice was heard from beneath the folds of the shamiaha: "Look alive, you fellows, and get me out of this, or I shall be In trying to elude the first rush of the elephant his foot had caught in one of the tent ropes, and the whole falling canopy had then come bodily upon him, hurling the camp table and a few cane chairs over him. Under these he had lain, able to breathe,

His escape seemed miraculous. The cloth had several times been pressed so close over his face as nearly to stifle him. The brute in one of its savage, purposeless thrusts, had pierced the ground between his arms and his ribs, pinning his Afghan choga or dressing gown deep into the earth; and he said he felt himself sinking into unconsciousness, when the brute happily got up and rushed off.

"How did you feel?" I asked. "Well, I can hardly tell you.

"It must have grazed your ribs?"
"It did. After that I seemed to turn quite anconcerned. All sorts of funny ideas came trooping across my brain. I could not tor the life of me help feeling cautiously about for my pipe, which had dropped somewhere near when I tripped on the ropes, I seemed, too, to have a quick review of all the actions I had ever done, and was just dropping off into a dreamy unconsciousness, after pull-ing a desperate race against Oxford with my old crew, when your voices roused me to sensation once more."

VALUABLE PAVING.

Description of a Solid Silver Wagon Road

In Colorado. "You may talk about nickle-plated railoads," said L. T. Stanley, "but what do you think of a solid silver wagon road? The Horseshoe mine, in Colorado, has one, al-though when it was built they didn't know it would pan out that way. They had to have a road from their mine, a distance of three miles, over which heavy loads had to be drawn. They took the rock that had been taken from the shafts they were sinking and which lay around in the way, and macadamized the road all the way through. The wagons passing over the road ground

"One day they had a beavy rainstorm, and when things got dry again after this rain, the wind blew the dust off the road, and all through the road bad, every which way, they could see big streaks of silver. Well, maybe they didn't collar on to the rest of that loose rock that lay around those shafts! They sent away a lot of it to be assayed, and when the report came back they found that their road bed was worth \$200 a ton. It was a liftle expensive to drive over, but they had to have the road, and I suppose they've got it yet, if their mines have held

Her Hat Was Not New. Chicago Herald.1

Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins at the theater. Mr. S-What are you doing? Mrs. S-I'm going to take off my nd hold it in my lap.

"I never saw you so considerate of any one's pleasure before." "Umph! You needn't think it's that. I'm the only woman in the house that hasn't got a new spring bonnet, and you ought to be ashamed of it."

At a Chicago Wedding.



Mr. Calumet-"What in the world are you doing, Louise?"

His Bride (marrying her sixth)—"Just cutting a notch for the occasion, you know. cutting s notch for the occasion, you know.
I'm so awfully forgetful."—Judge.

HOW TO BE A BEAUTY.

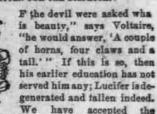
Evelyn Malcolm on the Art of Preserving a Fair Woman's Face.

AN IDEAL FORM OF LOVELINESS.

Proper Treatment of the Eyes, Teeth, Hair and Complexion.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A DIMPLE

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH,)



We have accepted the Greek type of beauty as perfect, and the degrees of beauty all over the civilized world are decided by this infallible standard.

What is more exquisite than a marble Venus?-unless it be the Venus vivified with color in her lips and light in her eyes, playing tennis or dancing to one of Strauss' waltzes, when she is not only exquisite, but entrancing.

Form is most important. Coloring and a fine skin will not make a fine face strictly beautiful unless the features are regular and the head and face of perfect contour.

The eyes should be set horizontally, have ing neither an upward nor downward inelination, not too far apart, nor too close together. The cose should be placed at an even distance between the eyes, joining the forebead in a subtle curve, the lower portion straight, to emphasize the surrounding tion straight, to emphasize the surrounding curves of the cheeks and lips. The "mouth like a Cupid's bow" is very beautiful, per-haps the most beautiful in a girl's face, but there is another mouth which vies with it, where the lips, boldly curved, but not turned upward at the corners, meet in an expression of dignity and sweetness. The under lip should always be a little fuller than the upward. than the upper.

THREE ESSENTIALS.

The distance from the eyes to the tip of the nose, and from there to the chin, should each be one-fourth the length of the face; the mouth should be set at one-third the length of the nose and chin; the chin should taper slightly to form an aval outline of

Nevertheless, with features which do not come up to the ideal, a girl will be con-sidered "pretty" if she has smooth, clear akin; bright, animated eyes, and good

teeth. These are the three essentials. It is in everybody's power to possess them, unless suffering from an incurable disease. In regard to eyes, they can be improved to a wonderful degree by care. The beauty sleep, which is secured before midnight, is

of the greatest importance. In the morning the eyes are perfectly rested, and if a short walk in the fresh, bracing air is taken for 15 minutes before breakfast they are left clear and sparkling. Bathe the eyes in cold water every morning, keeping the lids shut.

There is no excuse in these days of perfected dentistry for ngly teeth, whether dis-colored or crooked. Unless discolored by a long-continued use of medicines, they can be cleaned by a dentist, and if crooked they can be straightened. Clean teeth and clean

nails are significant marks of refinement. Never neglect them. The teeth should be Never neglect them. The teeth should be brushed two or three times a day and always on retiring. I know of no tooth powder better than plain, camphorated chalk used with a little white castile soap.

PRICTION FOR THE COMPLEXION. In regard to the complexion, a skin speialist says: "A certain amount applied to the face daily will do much to keep the pores open and prevent the forma-tion of black and red spots, so common in young people. I generally direct that the fort, and that the towel be not too rough."

The same authority advises the use of soap in washing the face, but it must be good soap. Be particular regarding the quality, and never mind the seent. Cheap soap, per-fumed to hide its rancid qualities, has done more toward ruining complexions than any-

thing else. An hour's rapid exercise every day will give a color to the cheek like that

of a blush rose. Skating is an excellent pastime for health and beauty.

The arrangement of the hair has much to do with the general appearance of a woman's face. People with long faces should never part the hair in the center, while it improves a woman with a face remarkably short. It is better, however, not to part the hair at all. If naturally wavy, let it fall as it will, shading the edge of the forehead. There are not many women with hair of this order, which will give the classic, softening effect we notice in Greenius in the contract of the classic. which whit give the classic, solvening enect we notice in Grecian statues, but a very similar one can be obtained by cutting a small portion of the front hair, curling it loosely and letting it lie in love locks on loosely and letting it lie in love locks on the brow. This custom is carried to an ugly extreme in the thick, straight bang which many women wear almost to their brows. If it were their intention to oblitbrows. If it were their intention to conterta any intelligence they possess in expression they could not hit upon a better fashion than the bang at its worst. A beautiful ear should be twice as long as it is broad; it should incline slightly backward and lie close against the head at the upper paint. For any that project in an unsightly

point. For ears that project in an unsightly manner there appears to be no remedy. BUYING DIMPLES. A high authority on art states somewhere that it is strange that dimples so admired in

these days are not portrayed in any antique ideal of any consequence handed down to us. Can it be that the old masters saw no beauty in dimples? It seems unlikely, for there is certain roguishness in a dimple impossible to resist. A teacher once to me:
"You see that little girl in the corner? It is by an effort that I bring myself to punish her when she does wrong, for when she looks at me with a faint, regretful smile

and the dimples come and go in her cheeks
I want to kiss her instead."

Our modern belles have realized this
fact, and cry: "H-y, for a dimple! Can
it be bought?" Yes, maidens of Gotham, it can be bought. Have you \$100 to pay for a dimple? If so, go forthwith and buy it, for somewhere in this town, and no doubt in many others, you will find a physician who will make a dimple in your cheek, in your shoulder, in your arm for \$100 apiece. I once saw a woman who had a dimple near the left corner of her mouth which she had

purchased for that sum.

By a very skillful operation a little piece of the muscle had been taken away, and the result was a dimple which seemed perfectly legitimate, and not the base little franciat EVELYN MATTOLM really was.

A Very Cold Draft.

Chicago Mail. On a suburban train going to Hyde Park last night two young men stood up in the aisle talking. One of them was very hourse and the other said:

"I notice you have a severe cold, John!" "Yes," said John, "a very bad one, too."
"Draft in the office, I suppose?"
"Draft? Well, I should say so; one there day that gave every man in the office a

"You don't tell me. Must have been a "That's just what it was."

"Any idea where it came from?" "Yes. It came from the bank and was for \$50,000. We all caught cold." "Oh! I see. Here's my station."

New York Morning Journal.

A pretty girl living on Madison avenue. with nes retrousse, but a little too much so, has had an ivory clothes-pin made and fastens it on her little nose for two hours each day-